# CHEROKEE HALL PLAYS POKER.

"Nacherally I'm not much of a sport," remarked the old cattle man as he laid down a paper which told a Monte Carlo story of a fortune lost and won. "Which I'm not remorseless enough to be a clean strain gambler. Of course, a card sharp can make benevolences an' confer dust on the needy on the side, but when it gets to a game for money he can't afford no ruthfulness that away, tryin' not to hurt the sore people; he must play his system plumb through, an' with no more conscience than steam, no matter who's run down in the stampede.

"For which causes, bein' plumb tender an' sympathetic, I'm shore no good with cards; an' whenever I daily tharwith it is under the head of relaxation.

"Do I regard gamblin' as immoral? No; I don't reckon none now I do. This bein' what you all Bible sharps calls moral is mighty likely to be somewhat a matter of health, and likewise of the way you're raised. Sick folks usual is a heap more moral than when their health's that excellent it's scandalous.

"Speakin' of a gent's raisin' bein' productive of his morals, I recalls people who would scorn cards, but who'd admire a mighty sight to buy steers for $4 an' saw 'em off agin for $40. They'd take $400 if some party locoed to a degree which permits said outrage would turn up. The right or wrong, what you calls the morality of gatherin' steers for $4 an' plunderin' people with 'em at $40 a head wouldn't bother 'em a bit.

"Which the question with these yere wolves is simply: 'How little can I pay an' how much can I get?' An' yet, as I says, sech parties mighty likely holds themselves moral to a p'int which is mountaneous, an' wouldn't take a twist at faro bank or pick up a poker hand mor'n they'd mingle with snakes an' stingin' lizards.

"'Gamblin' is immoral that away,' says these sports. An' yet I don't see no heinous difference between searchin' a gent for his roll with steers at $40—the same standin' you in for $4—an' layin' for him by raisin' the ante the limit before the draw. Mighty likely thar's a reason why one's moral an' the other's plumb black an' bad, but I admits oubliushin'ly the onearthin' tharof is shore too many for dim-eyed folks like me. They strikes me a heap similar, only the card sharp goes out ag'inst chances the steer sharp escapes complete.

"An' speakin' of chances, a gent can't live an' not take chances. Which he has to beat game after game to merely draw his breath. Now an' then I recalls how some sport gets plumb foxy an' is goin' to 'liminate chances an' not take no risks. The same gets frequently humorous.

"Thar comes to my mind what lawyers calls a incident in p'int. It's remarkable that this episode signals me, too; I aint held it in my mind for years.

"Looks sometimes as how episodes that away is off grazin' up some far canyon of your memory, an' round-up after round-up misses 'em for years. All at once, when you aint really out for beef, but sorter driftin' about the range of your recollections aimless, same as I be now, you hears a crashin' around in the bushes an' out walks said episode onexpected.

"But as to the incident. It takes place 'way back on the trail; speakin' diggertive, I aint only a yearlin' myself. Thar's a party who's been pesterin' the races, an' he cleans up his game in the Fall for mebby it's $3,000. This yere is the party who's goin' to be cunnin' an' rub out all the chances agin' him, for a few months at least.

"He's got plenty of stuff, this wise gent has, an' he sits down by himse'f an" says:

"'My weakness is faro bank. Faro, an' I might add poker, is my bane. Them's the pickets off my fence. The races—which I defeats 'em easy, once I'm to 'em—don't organize until May. Pendin' of which my business is to keep livin'.'

"So this smart party keeps thinkin' an' maintainin' conversations with himse'f on til he makes a plan; the same bein' to put him safe outer the fangs of faro bank an' similar devices which is beyond his control.

"Followin' of his scheme, he goes up to the gent who runs the tavern.

"'How many stacks of blues,' says he, 'to keep me sleepin' an' eaten at your camp till May?'

"An' the tavern sharp ups an' tells him; mebby he says it's $500. This sport, who's gettin' sagacious an' is clearin' his hereafter of chances as far as May, makes good his bluff, lugs out his wad an' pays.

"'That's settled,' says he, 'I eats an' sleeps; an' my blankets and chill-concarne is cinched till the races is goin' next May.'

"Then he goes on an' grows more gulleful. Seems like he takes pleasure in beatin' fate that away, an' givin' Providence a stand-off. Bein' frivolous an' a heap effete, his mind, now his grub-stake's paid, turns to raiment. He hunts up a tailor sharp, where game is brisk an' limit high, an' runs ag'inst the layout for, say, $500 more. Then he gets all this purple an' fine linen down to his tavern where he's camped.

"'Thar you be, all organized,' he says to himse'f, sorter applaudin' of his play, 'an' you can bet you're some swift as a sport. They can't beat you, an' your mind may be at ease. You eats, sleeps an' arrays yourse'f till the races arrives for the season, an' drives all perils from your path.'

"That's the way this smooth gent feels, plumb cockey that away, an' he loafs about the barroom after supper that evenin', now he's got everything lined up, an' puts on dog to a degree you couldn't get near enough to him to hand him a ripe peach.

"'Most folks,' says he to himse'f, 'is that dull an' easy they goes knockin' around through life like a blind dog in a meat shop, but you can wager your saddle an' cayouse they don't nothin' get behind me none. I protects my little game from the go, every time.

"But as the Scriptures rightfully observes—an' for a long shot, with a limb in the way, give me Holy Writ right along to make it—pride goeth before bein' bucked off. This sage sharp, who's protectin' his game so smooth, meanders about the tavern until mighty likely it's fourth drink time that evenin'. His roll, what he has left, begins to eut him like red ants an' coals of fire. At last he weakens an' allows a little swoop at faro bank modifies his sufferin's an' does him good.

"'Which, if they breaks me,' says this far-sighted party, 'I'm all the same still fixed winner till May, shore.'

"The next thing you hears, he's up agin' a lay-out, an' by the time he's ahead six more drinks—for he's a heap abstemious, this sharp is, an' takes his licker plumb slow, with wide stretches between—his last white chip is gone an' he's bare as a church. Which this long horn is plumb busted.

"But he thinks how he's staked himse'f for chuck an' raiment; an' although he's broke, he still gets insolent with his rejoicin's. He yawns an' stretches himse'f as he shoves his chair back an' makes his usual bluff:

"'All the same I'm talented enough for you murderers, too. You may win my money to-night, but you can bet your bank roll an' make it ten to one I eats, sleeps an' wears the best regalia of any sport in camp, jest the same, till them races hits us in May. I'll be thrivin' right along, an' make no mistake.'

"Which it shorely does look enough like this gent possesses a cinch that away to deceive sceptics; an' yet, son, what do you all reckons befalls this party? Right while he's hanging' up his talk that tavern burns plumb down with all them tailor-doin's he's won. It busts the gent who's keepin' the tavern, an' onless this prudent sport, who starts in to defy chances, can eat ashes an' wear ashes that entertainment an' them duds he pays for has plumb exhaled.

"Thar this deep an' thoughtful sharp is, flat; which teaches him, as it shore does me, that every gent don't take nothin' but chances from the cradle to the grave, an' thar's no trail around 'em or to one side.

"I reckons Cherokee Hall an' me discusses how wrong gamblin' is hundreds of times on leisure days; we frequent talks of it immoderate. Cherokee's views an' mine is side an' side mostly, although makin' his livin' in turnin' cards, of course, he's more qualified to speak than me.

"'Which I shore sees nothin' wrong in faro,' says Cherokee. 'Thar's hours, however, when some gent, who's locoed by bad luck an' tharby gets diffusive with his gun, when faro has its burdens; but I don't perceive no immorality, none whatever.'

"Yes, now you asks the question. I does tell you a while back of this sharp Cherokee Hall bein' prone to charity. He never's much of a talker, but in his way he's a mighty gregar'ous gent, Cherokee is; an' he aint no nerve to see other folks suffer, although he can stand bad luck himse'f an' never bat an eye. It aint once a week, but every day this gray-eyed sport is robbin' his roll for somebody who's settin' in hard luck.

"Of course, turnin' faro that away, Cherokee knows who has money an' who needs it; keeps tab, so to speak, on the fluctuations of the camp's finances closer'n anybody. The riches an' the poverty of Wolfville is sorter exposin' itself around under his nose that away every evenin' as a incident to business, an' the knowledge of who's flush an' who's flat is thrust onto him continuous. As I says, bein' plumb sentimental about them hardships of others, the information I mentions costs Cherokee hard onto a blue stack every day, he's that generous.

"'Which you're too impulsive a whole lot,' I remonstrates once when a party he's staked an' who reports himse'f to Cherokee as jumpin' sideways for grub previous capers over to the dance hall with them alms he's wrung from Cherokee an' embarks on a debauch. 'You oughter not allow these ornery folks to do you. If you'd cultivate the habit of lettin' every gent skin his own eel you'd cash in for a heap more at the end of the season. Now this outlaw you stakes aint buyin' nothin' but nose paint tharwith.'

"'Which the same works no regrets with me,' says Cherokee, plumb careless an' indifferent. 'If this person is sufferin' for whiskey worse'n he's sufferin' for bread, let him loose with the whiskey. The money's his. When I gives a gent a stake thar's nothin' held back. I don't go bossin' round a-ridin' herd on how he blows it. If this yere party I relieves wants nose-paint an' is buyin' nose-paint, I indorse his play. You can gamble I'd a heap rather see folks free than sober every time.'

"While holdin' Cherokee's views erroneous, still I allows it's dealin' faro which has sp'ilied him, an' as you can't make no gent's feelin's over new I quits an' don't buck his notions about dispensin' charity no more.

"Thar's times when this yere Cherokee Hall notes a gent who's high-strung an' wont take no donations, which this gent may be plumb needy to the p'int of perishin', too. That's straight; thar's natures that reluctant about aid they simply dies standin' pat before they'll ever ask for cards even.

"Once or twice, when Cherokee cuts the trail of one of these yere sensitive souls an' who's in distress, he never says a word about givin' him anything, but caps him into a little draw poker; an' in the course of an hour—for he has to be slow an' careful, so he don't arouse the victim to suspicions that he's been played for a pauper none—Cherokee'll disarrange things, so he loses a small stake to him. When he's got this distressed gent's finances what you Eastern sharps calls rehabilitated that away, he shoves buck an' quits.

"'An' you can put it flat down,' remarks Cherokee one time, 'I never loses nothin' nor quits behind on these benevolences. Which I shore observes that Providence comes back of my game before ever the week's out an' makes good.'

"'I knows a sport in Laredo,' says Texas Thompson, to whom Cherokee is talkin', 'an' is plumb intimate with him. He's holdin' something like your system, too, an' plays it right along. Whenever luck's agin' him to a p'int where he's lost half his roll, he breaks the last half even in two an' gives one part to some charity game. He tells me himse'f he's practised this scheme for years, an' that he never fails to win himse'f outen the hole with what's left. You bet I believes it; I sees this hold-up do it more'n once.'

"Which I aint none shore thar aint some bottom to these bluffs which Cherokee an' Texas Thompson puts up about Providence stackin' a deck your way, an' makin' good them gifts you confers on folks who's in want. At least thar's times when it look's a heap that away.

"One time Cherokee has it sunk deep in his bosom to he'p a gent named Ellis to a yellow stack or two, so he can pull his freight East. He's come West full of hope an' all spraddled out; goin' to get rich in a day. An' now when he finds the West's a swift game an' hard to beat he's homesick to death an' wants to go back.

"But Ellis aint got the d'nero; an' Cherokee, who likes him—for Ellis is a good shorthorn that away, an' all right—sorter concloods by himse'f he'll stand in on Ellis's destinies an' fix 'em a lot. Bein' as Ellis is a mighty easy maverick to wound, Cherokee decides it's better to let him think he wins the stuff an' not lacerate him by no gifts direct. Another thing this yere Ellis tenderfoot is capable of declinin' gifts absolute.

"To make shore he's got rid of an' headed East all happy, Cherokee, as I say, pulls on a little poker with Ellis, an' he takes in Dan Boggs on the play, makin' her three handed for a blind. Boggs is informed of the objects of the meetin' an' aint allowin' to more'n play a dummy hand tharin.

"This yere Ellis makes a tangle at first wantin' to play faro bank; but Cherokee, who can't control no faro game like he can poker, says no, he's dead weary of faro, turnin' it day an' dark, an' is out for a little stretch at poker as mere relief. Another thing—Boggs objects strenuous.

"'Which I don't have no luck at faro these days,' says Boggs. 'I does nothin' but lose for a month. The only bet I stands to win at faro for plumb four weeks is $100, which I puts on the queen, copered, over in Tucson the other day, an' I lose that I'm a hoss thief if exactly as the queen is comin' to lose that bunghin' Tucson marshal don't take a slam at a gent with his six-shooter and miss, an' the bullet, which is dodgin' down the room, crosses the layout between the dealer an' me, an' takes the copper an' top chip off my bet. Before I can restore what a edicated party lookin' on says is the statu quo the queen falls to lose from the box, an' not havin' no copper on my bet, of course I lose. You knows the rule—every bet goes as it lays? Well, said statoot is fully in force in Tucson; an' declinin' to allow anything for the accident of that fool marshal's bullet removin' the copper from my queen bet, those hold-ups takes my chips.

"'How do I know thar's an accident?' says the dealer, as he rakes in that queen bet, while I'm expoundin' of the reasons why it should be comin' to me. 'Mebby she's an accident an' mebby agin that.'

"'Nextime," says Cherokee, as the avaricious man gets up plumb broke, "don't come pushin' into games which is strangers to you complete."

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homicide who's bustin' around with his gun is in league with you an' shoots the copper off by design, thinkin' the queen's fallin' the other way. If accidents is allowed to control in faro, the bank would never win a chip. So,' concludes Boggs 'they gets away with my hundred, invokin' strict rooles onto me. While I can't say they aint right, I makes up my mind my luck's too rank for faro an' registers vows not to put a peso on another layout for a week. As the time limit aint up, I can't buck faro none; but if you an' Ellis, Cherokee, can put up with a little draw I'm your onmurmurin' prey.'

"After this Ellis allows he'll play poker an' let faro slide, an' the three sets down.

"As I states, the play is to let Ellis win a home stake an' quit. Boggs plays but little, merely picks up his cards, cusses a lot, an' passes out as a rule. Now an' then, when it's his ante, or Cherokee stays out for the looks of the thing, Boggs'll go to the front an' sweeten Ellis for a handful of chips.

"Little by little, by layin' down good hands, breakin' pairs before a draw an' generally carryin' on tail first, Cherokee an' Boggs is gettin' a few layers of fat on Ellis's ribs all onsuspected by Ellis. Oh, he'd kicked over the table in a second if he even smells the play.

"But it happens while these yere benevolences is proceedin' a avaricious gent—who don't belong in Wolfville, nohow, but is a mere sojourner in our midst—after regardin' the play awhile, takes to deemin' of it easy. The avaricious gent wants in, an' as Ellis, who's a heap elated at his luck an' is already talkin' of goin' East on the killin' he's makin, says 'yes,' an' as Boggs an' Cherokee can't say 'no' without being onp'lite, the avaricious gent comes in.

"It all disturbs Cherokee, who's a nervous sharp, an' when he sees how eager an' greedy the avaricious gent is for something he regards as a shore thing, he concloods to drop him plenty hard.

"It's four hand now, and the game wags on for a dozen hands. Boggs in bad luck, Cherokee bein' driven out each hand, an' Ellis an' the avaricious gent doin' what little winnin's bein' done between 'em. It's evident by this time, too, the avaricious gent's layin' for Cherokee—which he looks on Cherokee as plum imbecile an' onlucky to boot—an' who's showed a roll of wealth.

"The avaricious gent gets action sudden'er than he thinks. It's a jack pot. She goes by Ellis, then Boggs, then Cherokee breaks her for the limit—two blue chips, the par value of which, as a bank would say, bein' $10.

"'You breaks for ten?' says the avaricious gent, who's on Cherokee's left an' has the last say; 'well, I sees the break an' lifts it the limit.' An' the avaricious gent puts up four blues, while Ellis an' Boggs, holdin' nothin' and gettin' crafty, ducks plumb out.

"When the avaricious gent puts up his four blue beans, Cherokee does something no one ever sees him do before. He gets querelous an' complainin', and begins to fuss over his bad luck.

"'What did you come in for?' he says to the avaricious gent, as peevish as a sick infant. 'You see me settin' here in the muddiest of luck; can't you a-bear to let me win a pot? You aint got no hand to come in on, neither, an' I'll bet on it. You jest nacherally stacks in, relyin' on bluffin' me at this epoch, or out-luckin' me on the draw. Well, you can't bluff; I'll see this yere through,' says Cherokee, putting up two more blue beans an' actin' like he's gettin' heated, 'if it takes my last chip. As I do, however, jest to onmask you an' show my friends, as I says, that you aint got a thing, I'll bet two blues on the side, right now, that my pair of jacks which I breaks on is bigger than the hand on which you comes in an' makes your two-button tilt.' As he says this Cherokee regards the avaricious gent like he's disgusted with him.

"It turns out, when Cherokee makes this long and fretful break, the avaricious gent's holdin' a pair of kings. He's delighted with Cherokee's uproar, thinks what a fool an' how easy he is, an' diggers him for jacks, as Cherokee says.

"'You offer two blues I can't beat a pair of jacks?' says the avaricious gent, pickin' up Cherokee's bluff. Oh, he's plumb wolf, an' out of every drop of blood.

"'That's what I says,' replies Cherokee, rather sullen, like he wishes he wasn't so prematoor.

"'I goes you,' says the avaricious gent, showin' a pair of kings.

"Thar you be,' snarls Cherokee, with a whine like a sorehead dog, a chuckin' the avaricious gent a couple of blues; "thar you go agin. I can't win nothin'.'

"But he never shows the jacks.

"The avaricious gent didn't notice, however, collects the two blue bones, discards three, drawin' to his two kings, an' sets back to win the main pot. He shore regards it as a red-letter round-up for him.

"'I reckons now that I knows what you has,' says Cherokee, as he goes to discard. 'I upholds this ace on the side an' asks for two cards.'

"It's Cherokee's own deal—the same, however, not bein' held as no grounds of doubt—an' he commits three cards to the avaricious gent an' takes two himse'f. The avaricious gent adds a third king to his list an' is feelin' like sunny weather. Cherokee picks up his hand after the draw an' the avaricous gent, who's viewin' him sharp, notes that he looks mighty moody an' morbid, like he aint he'ped none.

"All at once Cherokee braces up a heap savage, as if he's ugly an' desperate about his bad luck.

"'If this yere limit was any size at all instead of a measly, paltry $10, a gent might stand some show. I'd bluff you outen your mocassons right now if I wasn't repressed by a limit of which a child should be ashamed. I shore don't know where I mislays my se'f-respect to go settin' into sech a paltry play as poker, $10 limit.'

"'Well, see here,' says the avaricious gent, shakin' with delight an' lookin' at his three kings, 'don't howl all night about a wrong that's so easy to rectify. We removes the limit an' you can sail an' soar to any altitood you please.'

"Cherokee looks at him as ugly as a murderer, an' as if he's been goaded to a frightful point.

"Then, after a minute, like he's made up his mind to die right here, Cherokee turns in without a word an' bets $500. It makes Ellis, who's new, sorter draw a long breath.

"'You'll climb for this pot if you get it,' says Cherokee after his money's up, an' his tones is resentful, but not hopeful. 'I bets $500.'

"The avaricious gent is shore it's a bluff. He's certain his three kings is good. Cherokee most likely didn't better by the draw. If he does it's nothin' worse than aces up, or three jacks he's made outen it. That's the way he lines up Cherokee's hand. After thinkin' a second the avaricious gent remarks:

"'Merely to show you the error of your ways an' to teach you to lead a happier an' a better life, I sees your $500 an' raises her back for the same.' An' the avaricious gent counts off $1,000. It mighty near takes all he has, too.

"'I sees it an' raises $500 all similar,' retorts Cherokee, shovin' his dust to the centre.

"This time his peevishness is all gone an' his fault-findin' is over. His tones is as confident an' easy as an old shoe. Ellis looks up at him an' almost swoons at the change.

"It all strikes the avaricious gent as a heap alarmin', this $500 raise an' quick switch in the way Cherokee feels. He don't know what to say. It's clear as one looks in his face them trio of kings aint no sech monstrosities as they was when he gets 'em. He aint half so shove they wins. After lookin' a while he says—an' his tones shows he's plumb dubious.

"'That last $500 raise over-sizes me. I aint got but $300.'

"'That's it!' says Cherokee, like his disgust an' contempt for mankind is comin' back. 'By the time I get's a decent hand every one at the table's gone broke. What show do I have to play a hand. However, I pinches down to meet your poverty. Put up what stuff you has an' I'll match it.'

"The avaricious gent slowly gets up his last peso; he's out on the limb an' he knows it. When the money's all up it takes about a second for Cherokee to show three aces an' rake down the dust.

"'Next time,' says Cherokee, as the avaricious man gets up plumb broke, 'don't come pushin' along into poker games which is strangers to you complete. Moreover, don't let a gent talk you into views touchin' his hand. I holds them three aces when I breaks the pot.'

"'An' you simply throws me two blues before the draw on a pretence that my two pore misused kings is the high hand, to mislead an' betray me?'

"'Them two blues I gives you has some sech deloosion in view,' says Cherokee, like he's a heap satisfied with himse'f. 'We three,' he says, turning again to Boggs an' Ellis, 'will now resoome our wrongdoin' where this yere stranger interrup's us. A benign Providence has fixed me in advance, so if Ellis does tap me for a handful of hundreds to return him to his family my veins will stand the drain. Boggs, it's your deal.'" DAN QUIN.

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# Cicero and Demostenes

## By BILL NYE.

A very well known author has recently said that undue levity and the popularity of the anecdote in modern times have been the death of American oratory. This statment is worth looking into, for evidently something has happened to American oratory. Let us look into the history of oratory a little and examine the record of noted orators for a moment.

Cicero was born in a country town near Rome in January, 106 B. C. He was one of the best offhand speakers of his times, and his remarks, compared with those that appear from day to day in the Congressional Record, would indicate that he was not over-estimated by his fellow-men. And yet Cicero excelled in sarcasm and witticisms. Those were two of his leading characteristics.

The more serious foe of oratory has been the remarkable growth of the newspaper. Formerly the orator told people what to believe, and they believed it. Oratory is nowadays most effective on jurymen, and those who inform themselves are not selected as jurymen. This goes to prove that oratory flourishes best among the ignorant.

The "spell-binder" of to-day is generally a man who could not charge any admission. If he were to do so his life would be one of extreme isolation.

It is said that Cicero during his attack upon Cataline made many humorous hits at his adversary and told some excellent stories fresh from the cloak room.

In his style he resembles Senator Jeter C. Pritchard, of North Carolina, wiping his nose with the same air of defiance and abandon in the midst of a thrilling period.

During the defence of Murena Cicero is said to have made an address which abounded in witty and humorous outbursts.

If the humor of our own orators has destroyed the power of American oratory, what is the matter with British oratory? It is an entirely different bug altogether. This who have listened for a few weeks to the porter-house eloquence of Parliament will agree with me that its foundations are not being sapped by humor.

The truth is that we live in a most practical and prosaic time. When a city can be destroyed at a distance of eight miles and a large iron cook-stove full of explosives may be thrown into New York from beyond Fire Island, what sort of employment is there for a poet-laureate or a big-brained orator with a cloven breath?

No, it is not true that humor has wrecked American oratory, for even the humorous orator finds on arriving at his destination that the morning papers published his funny anecdotes two weeks before he arrived.

Our after-dinner people of course tell humorous stories, but that is not generally regarded as oratory. Speeches which go with great eclat at a dinner, when the pudding sauce has been rather exhilarating, often read rather tamely at the breakfast table, especially to people who were not invited.

Oratory in the days when it took the place now occupied by the telegraph, the press, the tutor, was as often wrong, too, as right, and to this day Cicero is condemned for using his great gift for the inexcusable death of Catiegus and Lentulus.

A great many people over-estimate the value of oratory. Oratory must have a just cause or it becomes a power for evil. Some think, even to-day, that Patrick Henry was the direct and sole cause of American independence because he gave the Revolutionary War permission to come. Such, however, was not the case. We need not bewail the conditions here which have brought about the change.

When a great newspaper reduces its price it is more important to the American people than the birth of a Demosthenes. Everything which encourages us to do our own thinking cements another granite block into the beautiful pedestal of civilization.

When we may glance over a day's history of the world between our oatmeal and our codfish ball, the opinion of one man assumes its true value. When five or six well-informed men in an audience shake their heads at an orator he begins moulting at an early date and loses confidence in himself.

What becomes of the young orators who round out the exercises at college commencements? They go forth with the applause of their neighbors still ringing in their ears, and it is their intention to mould great masses of mind into shape; but we find them later on engaged in the fire insurance business or travelling with a stereopticon through the remote precincts of our frontier. What happened to Cicero in the year 58 B. C.? He went into exile, and his house was burned down by those who at one time sat spell-bound within the sound of his voice.

"Roma Patrem Patriae Cicerounn libra dixit" was true in 63, but in 58, "Sic sempre gloria mundi" was the fatal watchword. Egotism got the better of Cicero, and he committed the error common among orators of mistaking his elocutionary powers for common sense.

Even his best friends were at times forced to admit that Cicero relied more on his larynx than he did on his cerebrum.

The American Indian was by nature an orator. Humor never interfered with his progress in that line. No one ever heard an Indian tell a funny story, even at a raw dog banquet where general good feeling would be supposed to obtain. And yet where is the Indian to-day? He has proved to the world that oratory alone will not sustain life.

Cicero's great characteristic was his wit, says his biographer; his esprit his great speciality. So we must look elsewhere for the decline in American oratory. His Phillipics still make interesting reading. But, after all, they are but the opinions of one man. To-day we read brighter things in our editorial columns every morning and have the world's news besides.

Perhaps, too, another cause of the decadence of the orator is the elocutionary training which he receives. This robs him of his individuality and makes of him an animated recapitulation.

If we go into the halls of Congress we find a collection of business men who do not attempt oratory except on obituary day. These solemn rehearsals sound like the mournful echo of national oratory. The pallid features of the stenographers and sergeant-at-arms show how destructive these forensic outbursts are to animal life.

Demosthenes made but few gestures, and it is thought that this had a great deal to do with his success as an orator. He could speak eloquently without stepping outside the boundaries of a common Athenian doormat, and showed a marked contrast in this to the political orator of to-day, who requires one entire wing of the Capitol building to himself while speaking, and most always manages to get it before he closes.

Demosthenes rarely ever during his most impassioned efforts even barked his knuckles against the reporter's gallery. He was calm and earnest. His first great effort was in his own behalf. His father had left to Demosthenes and his sister fifteen talents—a sum equivalent to fifteen thousand dollars of our money; but his guardian or administrator appropriated the whole sum, hoping thereby to be regarded as a talented man.

But Demosthenes prosecuted him when but eighteen years of age, and, though he obtained a judgment, he did not get his money. In this respect I can sympathize with Demosthenes. I once employed a lawyer to sue a party for $2,000 due me. I got the judgment and the lawyer got the money. He wrote me that he supposed I simply wished to vindicate myself. After that I never tried to vindicate myself at all. Three vindications are as bad as a fire sometimes.

Demosthenes poisoned himself 322 B. C. This occurred after reading the press notice of his lecture at Athens, in which it was stated that Demosthenes was a great disappointment to his friends as a lecturer.

Demosthenes was not a flowery orator, but used language as a modest man does his dress—simply for its utility and not for ornament.

He was said to have been the Henry Cabot Lodge of his time.

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"In his style Cicero resembled Senator Jeter C. Pritchard, of North Carolina."

(Drawn for the Journal by E. W. Kemble.)

## AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Continued from Page 30.

-speculators, managers of stock companies, stars and star-esses. All that has been altered. Sardou's name is rarely mentioned. Tottie seems to have no further use for him. She brings home her Worth gowns just the same, but Sardou no longer furnishes the excuse for them. Even Fanny Davenport has grown tired of Sardou, and Sarah Bernhardt, who will produce his "Gismonda" Monday night at Abbey's Theatre, has nothing new from his pen.

* * *

That industrious little woman, Madeleine Lucette Ryley, has written a new play for Nat Goodwin called "An American Citizen," and she has gone to Chicago to rehearse it. Mrs. Ryley is the author of "Christopher, Jr."—one of the most successful plays that John Drew has ever produced. There is warm and glowing promise for the success of "An American Citizen."

In fact, I am inclined to think that the gentler sex will give us the good plays for which we are famishing. Martha Morton has come back from Naples and Genoa and Rome, and has set to work upon several novelties. Miss Morton is a clever and an indefatigable young woman, with a large sense of humor and a keen American-ness that never sleeps. Now is her time. Awake from thy glad Italian dreams, O Martha, and let us hear from you as soon as possible. Then there is Miss Marie Madison, who showed herself to be an artist of the first water in that dreadfully mismanaged drama "The Witch." Few American men of this decade have written anything that could compare with this lady's admirable work.

Place aux dames! Come forth, ye coy and chatty ones. Cease your aimless chatter at your Professional Women's Leagues and your Twelfth Night Club. As Mr. Vroom would say, the time is now ripe for you. The mellow, juicy plum of success is dangling above your heads.

* * *

Don't fail to see Mlle. Jane May's imitation of Sarah at Hammerstein's Olympia. Dainty irreverence is the spice of life. It loosens your mental starch and bends your cerebral buckram. Mlle. May is so deliciously irreverent, and withal so convincingly vivacious that her imitation will appeal to all. There is no touch of malice, no meretricious effort at spiteful ridicule. It is just a cleverly conceived sketch of a deservedly celebrated subject.

I should love to take Sarah to Olympia to see it. The tragedienne, out of her stage tantrums, has an exquisite sense of the ridiculous, and I rather imagine that she would enjoy Mlle. Jane May immensely. I did. Cissy Loftus's idea of Sarah was puerile and inane compared with the diaphanous skittishness of Mlle. Jane May's irreverent work. ALAN DALE.

# Cupid's Dupes.

## A Strange Matrimonial Agency Swindle in London.

### By JULIAN RALPH.

London, Jan. 29.—What is here called the famous matrimonial agency case has come up sixteen times already in the Bow Street Police Court. The principal man accused of conspiring to obtain money by fraud is Mortimer Daniel Skates, manager of "The World's Great Marriage Association." The secretary, the editor of the Matrimonial Herald and others were also brought to the bar on the same charge. Some of the evidence was to the effect that in the agency were found thirteen books containing the names and addresses of 30,000 persons. To whoever applied for a wife the rule appeared to be to submit the names of three women, and the same names were often sent to various applicants with descriptions of the women that did not always tally one with another. Sergeant McCarthy swore that he traced the name "Miss" Digby and found it was that of a man, not a woman. Miss "Fawcett" was the only name that he found referred to a real person, viz., Miss E. F. Sandham, age thirty-two, tall, dark, good figure and appearance, lady-like, well educated, refined, a schoolmistress, with £60 a year. Notwithstanding that she only came on the register on June 26, 1895, she was recommended to one of the witnesses on May 14, her age being given as nineteen, and she was said to have £300 a year. Miss "Rosamund" appeared to refer to a lady, age twenty-three, an authoress, the daughter of a solicitor, with £900 capital, would have a dowry of £500 on marriage, and she expected another £1,000. She wanted a literary gentleman of between thirty and forty years of age; she would not live out of London, and the gentleman must have £500 a year. Mr. "Nemo's" name did not appear as having been recommended to this lady. The description of real ladies did not correspond with descriptions submitted to gentlemen clients. A correspondence was found complaining of alleged blackmailing on the part of the association and stigmatizing one at least of their statements as a "lie."

It was found that one advertisement for a wife was replied to by 356 persons.

A great deal of testimony from clients of the association was obtained against the defendants, nearly all of it going to show how credulous and persistent were a great number of men and women who wanted husbands and wives, and knew no better way to get them than to subscribe to such a concern. For the defence one of the accused men, called Maddison, swore that he was simply an employe on a salary, though he admitted drawing a few shillings half yearly as one of thirty-six shareholders. He owned three shares. He never knew any part of the